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M. WITTE AND M. MURAVIEFF.

That M. Muravieff has been succeeded by M. Witte as Russian plenipotentiary to the peace conference at Washington may be accepted as gratifying, to the world, as well as to Russia. Apparently an earnest desire for a lasting peace is manifest in Russia. It is believed that the Russian government is anxious to avoid further slaughter in Manchuria and perhaps to prevent an indescribable catycolism in European Russia itself. "There can be little doubt that such a desire is felt by many of the best minds in Russia and that it is inspired by reason. It is gratifying to be assured that it is now dominant in the councils of the empire. The world will hope that it will speedily be granted. But there is cause for thinking that it will need to be expressed otherwise than it seems to be today if it is to become effective. We are told that such is Russia's desire; that her readiness to suspend hostilities has been indicated to Japan, and that the czar has bowed his head to the inevitable. Yet it is added that Russia has, as a matter of pride, avoided formally asking for an armistice. Now, there should be no wish in any quarter, certainly not on the part of neutrals, to see Russia still further or needlessly humiliated" comments the New York Tribune. With the appointment of M. Witte practically confirmed, we have the assurance that Russia will not be so deeply humiliated as most persons fear. M. Muravieff, while a man holding a most enviable position among the ministerial corps of Russia and possessing a keen mind and an intelligent conception of the questions involved, is lacking in that masterly subtlety necessary to the finished diplomatist. The candor with which he acknowledges his unfitness for the post of chief plenipotentiary and the magnanimity with which he accepts his removal shows him to be a man free from the vain and arrogant personality which is generally supposed to characterize the average Russian of prominence. In the selection of M. Witte to succeed M. Muravieff, Emperor Nicholas could not have made a better choice. M. Witte ranks among the foremost diplomatists of the world. The opinion prevails that he personally is willing to consummate peace at any cost. This apparently is an erroneous belief. M. Witte has followed the Russo-Japanese crisis faithfully; he is familiar with all the differences that led to the opening of hostilities and those that have transpired since to their most minute detail and for this reason more than any other, he of all men in Russia, is especially suited for the post. He has long been recognized as a thorough and honorable diplomatist and his opinions will naturally demand a consideration that would not have been tendered those of M. Muravieff. M. Witte has the interests of his country at heart; it is assured that he will not need to any unreasonable demands that may be made by the Japanese representatives at the conference.

"GET THE PEOPLE."

The rehabilitation of the Push club has commenced most auspiciously, the members announce their intention of contributing toward the completion of the Clatsop court house the sum of \$1200 which is due the organization from the city for the purchase of a park, the money to head a popular subscription list with that object in view. The Astorian is pleased to see the Push club take the initiative in this most worthy enterprise. The decision of the members to place this sum at the disposal of the county is a manifestation of the spirit which will ultimately become general and result in the attainment of a greater Astoria. It would seem that Oregon, fortuitously probably, has been blessed with a goodly share of the world's optimism. Within her glorious confines there is little encouragement for the pessimist or the iconoclast. In

the various communities movements to better the conditions are generally given wide support. Such encouragement is now prevalent in Astoria. With astonishing rapidity several efforts to improve the city have come to notice. Every thing points to the completion of the court house, not only is the Push club interested, but the county officials are endeavoring to go around a ruling of the supreme court which stipulates that no county shall incur an indebtedness in excess of five thousand dollars; a number of persons are formulating plans for the erection of a hotel which will cost in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars; the Woman's club continues with its very efficient work toward civic improvement and there is the possibility that a splendidly equipped institute for sailors will be opened by the American Seaman's friend association. No more solid assurance that the city will soon take a noticeable step toward becoming a greater Astoria can be offered. Coupled with this internal advancement is the possibility of the A. & C. R., being extended to Tillamook, the increase in traffic which has necessitated the improvement of the O. R. & N. dock and which will likewise require the placing of additional steamers on this run between here and coast ports. Readers will pardon the comment that the Astorian is in keeping with the advancement; a seven-day paper has been started and this is already favored with the heartiest support; before many weeks the Sunday paper will appear with a colored comic supplement. The paper has the interests of the city at heart and pledges itself to do all possible in assisting the Chamber of Commerce, the Woman's club, the Push club, the Commercial club, the merchants and people in bettering conditions. With these concentrated efforts the task of "getting the people" will not appear so great, or so impossible, as some are wont to picture it.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

In the West.

"My friends," said the lecturer, "I do not come to instruct, but to entertain you by describing a few of my experiences with kings and queens."
"Booh," yelled a boy in the gallery. "I bet you wouldn't have the nerve to put up 40 cents on a full hand."

Irk some.

Office boy—Kin I have a week's vacation?
His employer—Why, you have only been here two days.

Office boy—Yes, but after I get used to the job maybe I kin stand it longer.

The World.

"This world," said the philosopher, "is but a fleeting show."
"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "and to carry the simile still further, some of the most inferior performers are getting the most money."—Washington Star.

Consolation.

"Oh, George dear, I'm so glad you've come home! We've had burglars in the flat and they took all our silver and beat the janitor dreadfully! what are you laughing at?"
"I'm laughing because they beat the janitor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Safe Side.

Mr. Swellington—Was it absolutely necessary for you to snub those relatives of mine the other day?

Mrs. Swellington—Not absolutely, my dear, but I thought I would be on the safe side.

A Good Excuse.

Borrowers—Say, lend me another dollar, quick.
Lenders—Why, I just loaned you one a moment ago.

Borrowers—Yes, but that made thirteen I owe you, and you know how unlucky that is.—Philadelphia Ledger.

God Subject.

"What a splendid subject this coffee would be for a physical culturalist," said the fat boarder at breakfast.

"Why so?" inquired the land lady.

"Because," replied the fat boarder, "it needs building up. It's weak."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Only Half True.

She—They say that every woman has a secret sorrow. Do you believe it?

He—Well, she may have the sorrow all right, but it's no secret.—Detroit Free Press.

Too Late.

"Is your husband at home, madam?" asked the caller.

"Sure, and he's not," said the big red faced woman who had opened the door.

"You see, madam, I am a traveling phenologist, and I'd like to examine the bumps on your husband's head."

"You're too late. We did have a bit of an argument this morning and my bumps on your husband's head." to let him examine them."

Up to Him.

"I have heard, stammered her timid admirer, "that you are engaged. Is it—er—true?"

"I am not engaged yet," replied the fair girl, "but I hope to be soon."

"Er—how soon?"

"In a few minutes," she replied with shining eyes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Awakened.

Mrs. Dovey—You told me before we were married that you were well off.

Dovey—I was, but I didn't know it.—Columbus Dispatch.

Really Anonymous.

Birmingham church warden was reading at a vestry meeting a list of subscriptions to the parochial funds. The list began as follows: "The vicar, a guinea; Mrs. —, half a guinea; an anonymous donor, myself, twenty-five shillings."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Invitation.

Harold—May I kiss your hand?
Gertrude—You should have higher aspirations.—Smart Set.

Slightly Different.

"Yes, and after she refused him he rushed out and threw himself in front of a trolley car."

"Horrible."

"No, it wasn't. You see he owns a half interest in the new street car fender and was just testing it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Justifiable.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "why did you violently assault this man?"

"Your honor," was the reply, "he offered me nice, easy congenial employment."

"Wells?"

"And then wanted me to sell New York life insurance."

"Case dismissed."—Houston Chronicle.

Mean.

"The man I marry must—"

"I know all about it, dear," interrupted her dearest friend. "You have it all planned in your mind, and you'll never, never marry a man who isn't foolish enough to ask you."—Boise Capital News.

Good Reasoning.

New York Man—Why do you call Boston "the Hub?"

San Francisco Man—Because the very swiftest part of the country is the furthest from it, I guess.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY SHE COULDN'T FIND IT.

Inquiry Into Early History of Germany Developed a Puzzle.

In the state department, where a fair knowledge of history is the one requisite above others, information concerning the earlier history of Germany was desired. The employee upon whom this task of finding this devolved is a young woman who passed the civil service examination with an A1 grade. She went to the bookshelves and looked in that section where the historical data of this country are kept.

"That's funny," she murmured after rummaging through the volume. "Here is Germany, but these books don't go back far enough."

After another desultory search through the volumes she came and stood beside an elder woman whose early education, though by no means as comprehensive as that of today, consisted in learning what she did learn well.

"Do you know where the rest of Germany is?" the girl asked.

"It's all there," was the answer.

"But it can't be, because it doesn't go back as far as I want." The elder woman looked at the slip of paper in the girl's hand on which a date prior to the time of Frederick the Great was written.

"There was no Germany as early as that," she said promptly.

"Then how can I find it?" the girl helplessly asked.

"Look under Prussia, of course," the elder woman answered.

"Oh!" said the girl.—Washington Post.

LONDON'S OLD CLOTHES.

The Way They Change Owners Adown the Social Scale.

In those parts of London in which the penny is the standard of value there is a traffic in secondhand materials of a sort that is unheard of in any city of America.

For example, a dress costing 100 guineas and worn by a woman of fashion on one of the days of the Ascot meeting will be seen perhaps twice thereafter, once at a garden party and again at some function remote from town, after which it becomes the perquisite of the lady's maid, from whom it is bought by an oily woman who maintains what is called a "ladies' wardrobe" in Brixton or Bayswater. To the dingy parlor in which this oily mannered woman transacts her business come the wives of struggling at-

torneys, medical men and city clerks, intent on bargains, and to one of these the Ascot dress, "Positively worn by Lady G. in the royal enclosure," as the oily woman informs her in an awed whisper, is knocked down at the low price of 10 guineas.

Its new owner wears it until it is too shabby to be worn again, after which it is sold to a second rate wardrobe and becomes the property of a greengrocer's wife, who takes it to pieces, retires it and wears it out of the shop until it is once more shabby. Then it is sold to a third rate wardrobe, where it catches the eye of some coster lady and is sold for 3 shillings.—Saturday Evening Post.

Bat Fowling in England.

Bat fowling used to be a merry and innocent pastime for boys, perhaps one of its greatest attractions being that it was carried out during the night. There was all the preliminary excitement about getting the net ready and preparing the torch, for the torch, mark you, is a most important part of the outfit. How patiently have we in the old days unraveled a heavy farm rope, which, dipped in a barrel full of tar, will blaze like an electric light! Of course one had to know the country thoroughly to go bat fowling in those lonely places in the dead dark of a December night. The blaze of the torch only seemed to make the darkness visible. It lay like a great thick wall around one, and the birds when beaten out of the hedges came fluttering in the most unsteady manner toward the light.—London Country Life.

Cat Island Cats.

On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, cats were introduced about 1880 and rapidly exterminated the rabbits, which had been in possession for at least half a century. In one of the harbors of Kerguelen Land, a barren and desolate bit of antarctic terra firma to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, cats escaped from ships have made themselves at home on a little islet known as Cat Island, which has long been used as a wintering place for sealers. Here they live in holes in the ground, preying upon sea birds and their young, and are said to have developed such extraordinary ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young.

When to Anchor.

A minister has given this well defined exposition of the text, "And having done all, to stand." On some body of water near his home there was one day a race between two boats. The captain of one saw that he was getting behind, but he also saw that at the particular point where they were the current was stronger than the wind and that the head boat, though apparently progressing, was really drifting backward. Quickly taking in the situation, this captain of the rear boat cast anchor and won the race.

Two Exceptions.

"They say that all the world loves a lover," said the rejected suitor as he ate his dinner from the mantelpiece. "but there are generally two exceptions to the rule, the girl you want to be your wife and the man you want to be your father-in-law."—Princeton Tiger.

Submit to what is unavoidable, banish the impossible from the mind and look around for some new object of interest in life.—Goethe.

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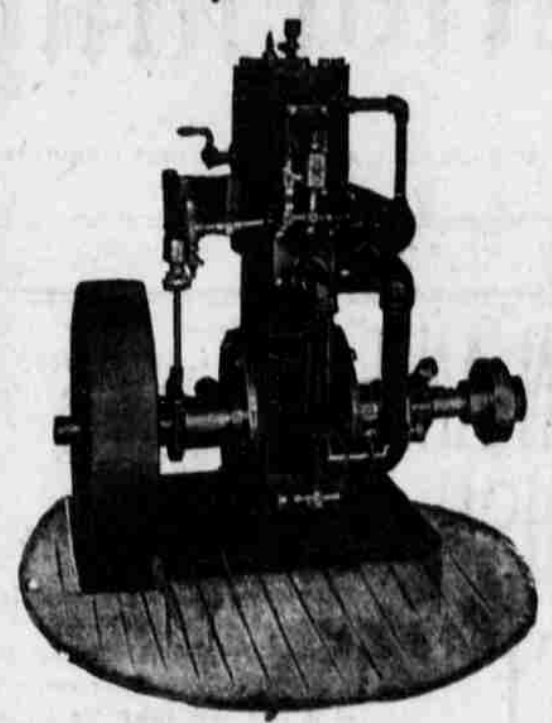
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